Ode to my Tone Poem

My, what have I done

When the dadaists speak to the cubists,
French Impressionists learn what's become
of my poem tone,
my tone poem credentials are sunk

I used to be more surreal
I'd fly abstractions to light
Then the dadaists spoke to the orphists
Romanticists portrayed my plight
My aesthetics geometrically altered,
I've digressed all the way back
to Pre-Raphaelite

In search of some kind of acceptance,
Florentines flourish anew
I've worn out my welcome with stylists,
the quasi-articulate few
The avante garde of polymorphs
has done nothin to salvage my tunes

I used to be good with a tone poem
My idioms matched up my motifs
Now my choruses taste like a lithograph,
my verse a sculpted relief
My manuscript mimics its earliest draft
Exposition serves only to brief

High Early Rennaissance influence
in academic impressionist haunts
has led most existentials to disinvite
me from their highfalutin merry jaunts

Cuz I tripped up the lightweight fantastics
Objectivists doubt what they've heard,
but I'll forfeit my metaphor license when
the dadaists hand down the word

Neo-plasticist convention
won't save me from their wrath
Dadaists shall crucify my tone poems
in excelsus path

Shortly thereafter,
they'll take their cleansing baths,
bathing in beans and butter
They'll paint with butterbeans while applying
maximum utility, artistic ways and means

My irrational movements
only border on the absurd
My perpendicular gothic
is skewed to a square of the third

All of which is gravy
when that one thing is enough
Non-representationally,
I've lost the handle

I've misplaced my Fauvian touch